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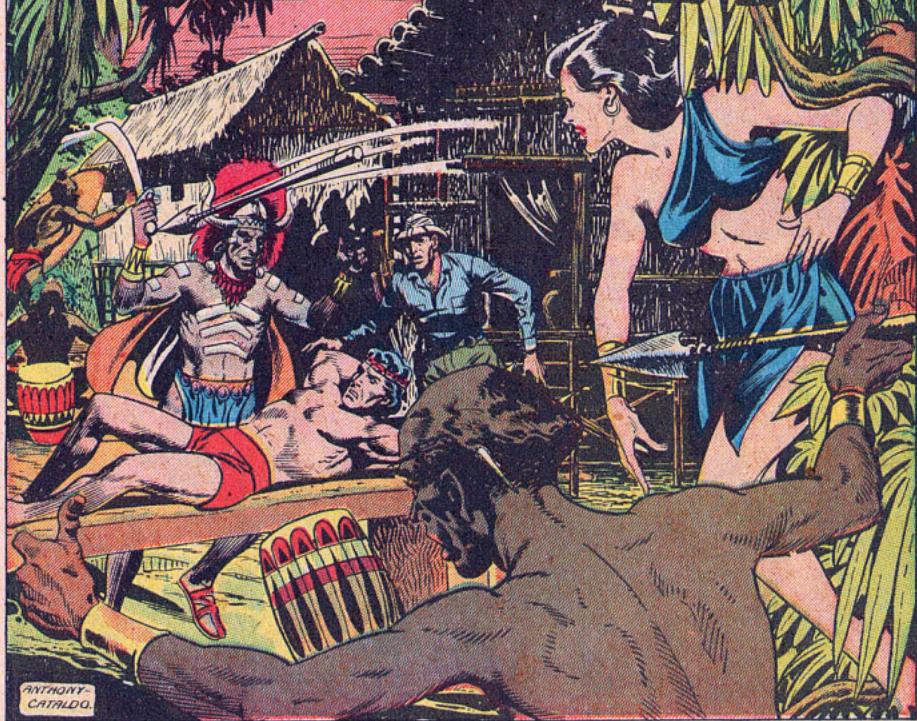
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VOODAH



ANTHONY
CATALDO.



BE BACK BEFORE
DARK, VOODAH?

AYE! KEEP FIRE READY
FOR I'LL HUNT ON WAY
BACK FROM CHIEF
BANI'S VILLAGE.



SOON WE LEAVE TRAIL, LITTLE
CHEEKO, AND TAKE SHORT
CUT THROUGH JUNGLE.



HOW YOU KNOW THEY HEAD-HUNTERS?



AT THE HEADHUNTER'S VILLAGE...

YOU GET THE REST OF THE BEADS WHEN YOU GET ME CHIEF BANI'S IDOL WITH THE BRIGHT STONE. YOU CAN HAVE ALL HIS WARRIORS' HEADS FOR YOUR OWN.

ME UNDERSTAND. NOW THAT WE HAVE OUR CHIEF, URALI, IN PRISON, WE SEND WARRIOR TO CHIEF BANI FOR IDOL.

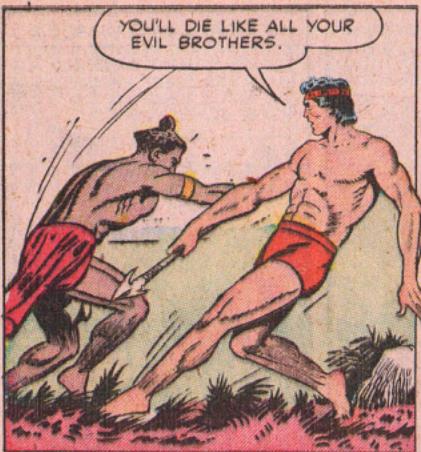
BACK AT BANI'S VILLAGE...

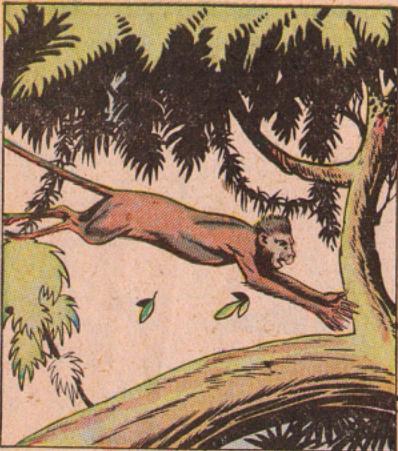
YOU, BROTHERS, BE READY AT ALL TIMES! KEEP WOMEN AND LITTLE ONES INSIDE HUTS. COME, MAMBO!

WE MUST NOT BE SEEN BY HEADHUNTERS, MAMBO!

AYE! WE FOLLOW JUNGLE TRAIL UNTIL WE REACH PLACE OF KILLINGS!

WE NEAR CLEARING WHERE HEADHUNTERS ATTACKED!



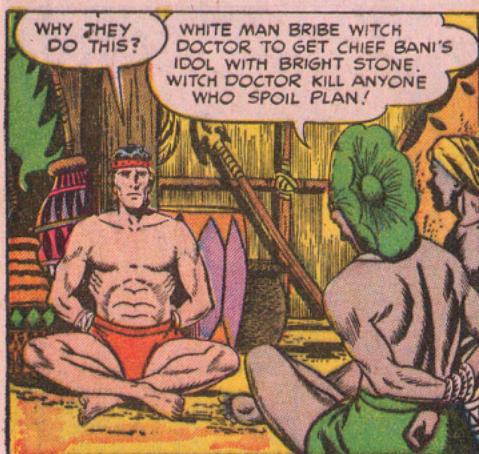


HAIL, CHIEF BANI! VOODAH HAS MET WITH SOME EVIL, OR CHEEKO NEVER COME BACK ALONE!

YOU THINK SAME AS I, BEAUTIFUL ONE. WE MUST LOSE NO TIME.

YOU STAY...I GO WITH SOME OF YOUR WARRIOR. THE VILLAGE MUST NOT BE UNPROTECTED.

YOU VERY WISE, ZANZI. PICK YOUR WARRIOR...HURRY!



BRING VOODAH TO SACRIFICIAL POST!



YOU SEND MY PEOPLE AGAINST ME BY VOODOO TRICKS. NOW YOU DIE!

FOOL! YOU WILL NEVER ESCAPE THE JUNGLE LAW!

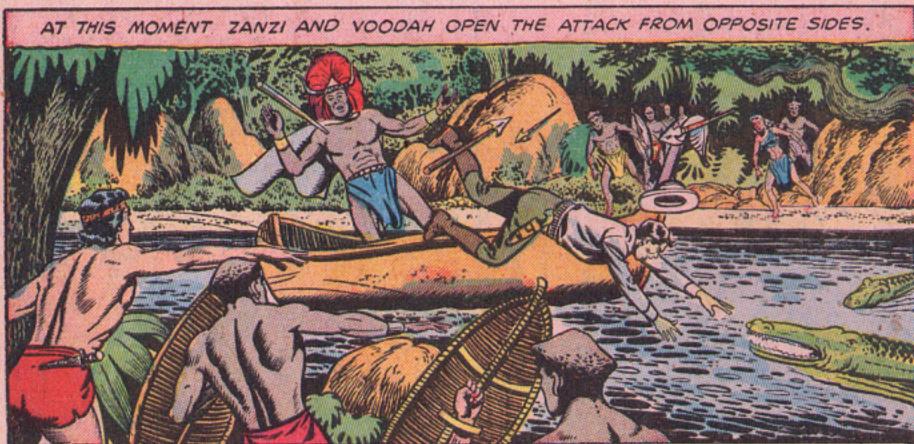
ON WITH THE CEREMONY. DEATH TO VOODAH.

HEAR THEIR CRIES? IF WE DO NOT HURRY IT WILL BE TOO LATE. SURROUND VILLAGE!









SILVER CITY SHOWDOWN

I TOLD YOU TO GET OUT OF TOWN, DEVERS BUT YOU REFUSED! NOW, I'M SENDIN' YOU OUT... IN YORE COFFIN!

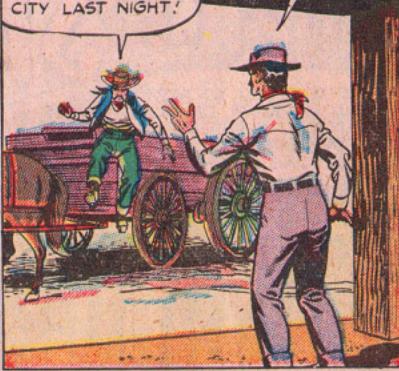
SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO,
THE NIGHT OF
AUGUST 9, 1878...



24 HOURS LATER, AT DEVILIN'S TRADING-POST,
100 MILES SOUTH OF SILVER CITY...



TROUBLE SLIM!
CHARLIE DEVERS WAS SHOT DOWN AN'
KILLED IN SILVER CITY LAST NIGHT!



I GOT NO PROOF, BUT I'M NOMINATIN' SHOTGUN GRADY! SINCE YOU QUIT SILVER CITY, GRADY AN' HIS GUN-SLINGER'S HAVE TOOK OVER! DEVERS WAS ONE A THE BOYS WITH GUTS ENOUGH TO BUCK 'IM! GRADY WARNED 'IM TO GIT OUTTA TOWN OR DIE! I GUESS HE BACKED HIS WARNIN'!



I SWORE I'D NEVER WEAR THESE GUNS AGAIN! BUT CHARLIE WAS MY FRIEND, A MAN WHO NEVER HARMED ANOTHER! I'M WEARIN' THESE GUNS AGAIN, PETE... BACK TO SILVER CITY!



12 HOURS LATER, SLIM DEVILIN CAMPS FOR THE NIGHT IN PARADISE PASS...



I GUESS IT'S DEVILIN'S
CAMP ALL RIGHT,
BUT WHERE IS HE? MAYBE HE'S
DOWN TO THE SPRING FOR
WATER! LET'S...



DEVILIN!
I---?
BLAST 'IM,
YOU FOOL!
HE'S **DEATH**
WITH THEM
GUNS!



RECKON GRADY'LL HAVE TO
DO HIS **OWN** DIRTY-WORK
NOW, BOYS! YOU **SHORE**
CAN'T DO IT FOR HIM, --
NOSSIR -- **NOR FOR**
ANYONE ELSE!



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, A STRANGE CAVALCADE
ENTERS SILVER CITY...

HIT'S SLIM DEVILIN!
MAN ALIVE, LOOK
WHUT HE'S GOT
BEHINT HIM!

THE RINGO
BOYS, GRADY'S GUN-
SLINGERS / GRADY
SHORE AINT
GONA LIKE THET!

WONDER
WHAR
HE'S A
TAKIN' EM!



I FIGURED THESE
BOYS WERE
YORE S. GRADY,
SO I'M LEAVIN'
'EM WITH YOU!

YOU DID ME A FAVOR,
SLIM! NOW I CAN GET
YOU **LEGALLY** / DO YOUR
DUTY AS SHERIFF, TINY!
ARREST THIS MAN FOR
MURDER!



HAND OVER YORE
GUNS, DEVILIN'

AND LET YOU SHOOT
ME IN THE BACK, AN'
CLAIM I TRIED TO
ESCAPE? KEEP BACK,
LESS YOU WANT TO
SMELL GUNSMOKE!



DO LIKE HE SAYS, TINY! I JUST
WANTED HIM ON RECORD AS
DEFYING THE LAW! YOU KNOW
WHAT THAT MEANS, SLIM? YOU'RE
MARKED! GET OUT OF
SILVER CITY OR DIE!

WHEN I'M READY,
GRADY! UNTIL
THEN, KEEP
YORE HIRED
COYOTES
OUTTA MY WAY!



HELLO, SLIM, GLAD TO SEE YOU
BACK, BOY! WITH YOU HERE,
MAYBE WE'LL BURY FEWER
GOOD MEN LIKE
CHARLIE DEVERS!

WHAT KIND
OF A GUN
WAS CHARLIE
SHOT WITH,
DOCTOR BENTON?



A SHOTGUN, SLIM! AND
ACCORDING TO THE WIDER
POWDER BURN - AREA
AROUND THE WOUND,
IT WAS A SAWED-OFF
ONE - LIKE GRADY
USES!

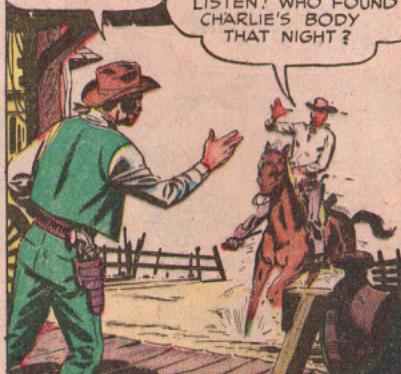
THANKS, DOC!
THAT'S WHAT I
WANTED TO KNOW!



THE NEXT DAY...

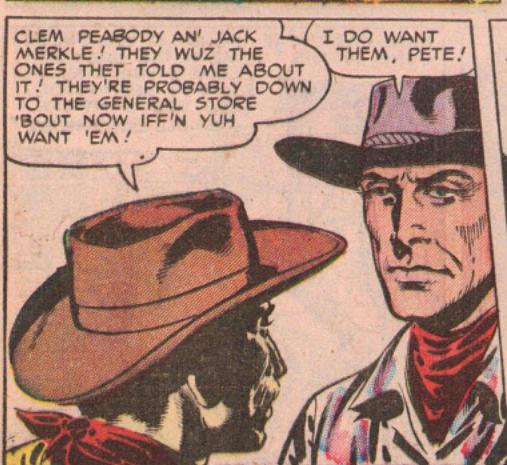
HEY, SLIM....!

HELLO, PETE I
DIDN'T KNOW YOU
WERE BACK YET!
LISTEN! WHO FOUND
CHARLIE'S BODY
THAT NIGHT?



CLEM PEABODY AN' JACK
MERKLE! THEY WUZ THE
ONES THET TOLD ME ABOUT
IT! THEY'RE PROBABLY DOWN
TO THE GENERAL STORE
'BOUT NOW IFF'N YUH
WANT 'EM!

I DO WANT
THEM, PETE!



I'VE GOT TO BUILD UP
A CASE AGAINST GRADY
BEFORE I CAN MOVE!
WHEN ENOUGH EVIDENCE
POINTS TO HIM AS THE
KILLER, THEN I'LL FORCE
A SHOWDOWN!

ASK 'EM
ABOUT THE
TIME GRADY
THREATENED
TO KILL
DEVERS! THEY
WUZ THERE!



ALL DAY, SLIM ROAMS THE TOWN, ASKING QUESTIONS...

SURE, JACK AN' ME HEARD GRADY THREATEN DEVERS! HE TOLD 'IM TO GIT OUT OF TOWN OR HE'D KILL 'IM!

YEP! GRADY SHORE SAID THET! CHARLIE WUZ TRYING TO GIT THE FOLKS IN TOWN TO CHASE GRADY AN' HIS GANG OUT!

DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT DEVERS DEATH, FRANK?

jest whut i heard, but i c'n tell yuh this, slim! devers wasn't the only one to die from shotgun poisonin'. there wuz others, an' all folks who stood up to grady.

DEVILIN'S GITTIN' TOO ALMIGHTY CURIOUS!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN GRADY'S PRIVATE OFFICE...

I'M TELLING YUH, BOSS SLIM'S ASKIN' PLENTY OF QUESTIONS, AN' HE'S GETTIN' SOME PRETTY CLOSE ANSWERS!

YUH BETTER TAKE CARE OF DEVILIN', BOSS! IF HE GITS ENOUGH EVIDENCE HE C'N BRING IN A U.S. MARSHAL!

YOU'RE RIGHT, DRISCOLL, AN' THAT'S SOMETHING WE CAN'T AFFORD! TINY, FORM A POSSE OUT OF THE BOYS WE CAN TRUST AND **GET DEVILIN'**! I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU TO GET HIM --

--DEAD

YUH **SHORE** DON'T, GRADY!



WHILE TINY GARSON FORMS THE POSSE, DEVILIN TALKS OVER HIS DAY WITH PETE GREGOR...

SO, YOU COME UP WITH A LOTTA WORDS, BUT NO REAL EVIDENCE AGAINST GRADY, SLIM?

THAT'S RIGHT, PETE! IF I ONLY HAD SOMETHING SOLID, SOMETHIN' TO FORCE HIS HAND WITH! I--? WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE WORKIN' ON? IT LOOKS FAMILIAR!

HIT SHOULD BE! IT'S LIKE ONE A THEM ORNAMENTS THET DECORATE GRADY'S HAT-BAND!

HE LOST ONE AN' ASKED ME TO MAKE 'IM ONE TO REPLACE HIT!

SAY! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA! WHEN...?

THEY'RE OUT TO GIT YUH, ORDER SLIM! WHEN DID GRADY ORDER THAT ORNAMENT?

SLIM! PETE! TINY'S ORGANIZING A POSSE,

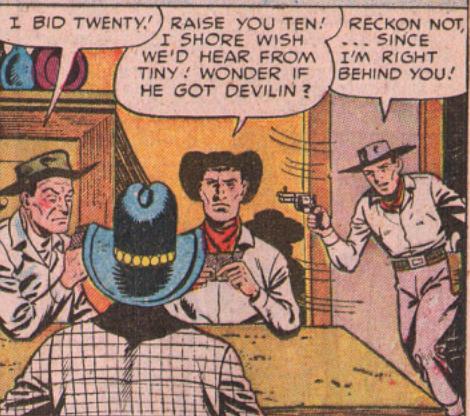
YESTERDAY, SLIM!



AFTER CHARLIE DEVER WAS KILLED! GOOD! THERE'S A CHANCE I CAN BLUFF GRADY AND FORCE A SHOWDOWN! GIVE ME THAT ORNAMENT AN' LISTEN CLOSELY!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN GRADY'S OFFICE...



DEVILIN'!

I JUST WANTED TO RETURN THIS, GRADY! YUH LOST IT IN THE ALLEY THE NIGHT YUH KILLED CHARLIE DEVERS! IT WAS FOUND NEAR HIS BODY!



GUESS I WAS A MIGHT CARELESS THAT NIGHT, SLIM! YES, I KILLED DEVERS, JUST LIKE I'M GONNA KILL YOU! GET 'IM BOYS!



I'VE BEEN WAITIN' FOR THIS, GRADY!



WHEE! YUH SHORE MOPPED UP PRETTY! I DIDN'T EVEN GIT A CHANCE TO SHOOT! I TIPPED OFF THE BOYS TO ROUND UP TINY'S GANG LIKE YUH TOLD ME! THE WHOLE BUNCH WUZ CORRALLED!



THANKS, PETE! THAT SORTA MAKES UP FOR CHARLIE!

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THET GRADY'D MAKE HIS PLAY OVER THET ORNAMENT!

IT WASN'T ONLY THAT, PETE! HE KNEW HIS DAYS IN SILVER CITY WERE NUMBERED, UNLESS HE COULD BACK A SHOW DOWN AND MAKE IT STICK! HE MADE IT AN' NOW... HE'S STUCK WITH IT!



Minnie Soo

With LITTLE HAHA
and TONKA

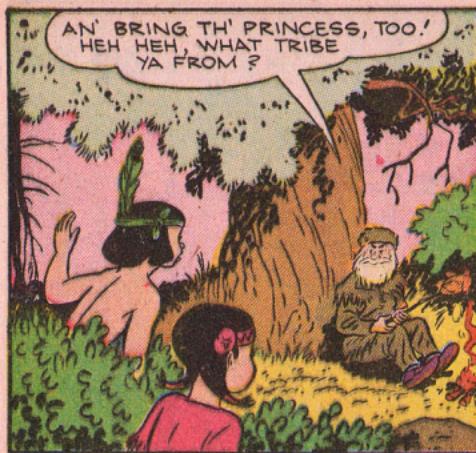
LOOK, MINNIE! A FUNNY LOOKIN'
MAN... AN' HE CAN'T BE
AN INDIAN!

HE'S ODD-LOOKING!
HE HAS A BEARD!
WHAT KIND OF A MAN
IS THAT?

HEIMDAHL.

BUT MINNIE... HE ISN'T
BROWN LIKE AN INDIAN!
HE LOOKS KINDA
PALE, MEBBE
HE'S SICK!
HE MUST
BE FROM
SOME STRANGE
TRIBE!

HOW! COME OUT, YOUNG
BUCK! I SEE YA!
HOW!



MINNIE AND LITTLE HAHA CAN'T UNDERSTAND THE STRANGER, BUT BY MEANS OF SIGNS, THEY INVITE HIM TO THE VILLAGE!



THE STRANGE MAN CREATES A STIR IN THE VILLAGE WITH HIS FOREIGN TALK AND ODD APPEARANCE!



LOOK! HIS FACE NOT DARK LIKE SOO! STRANGER OF THE WHITE BEARD LOOKS PALE IN THE FACE! MEBBE SICK! HEAT STONES IN STEAM LODGE, QUICK!



BELIEVING HIM ILL, WHITE BEARD, AS THEY CALL HIM, IS PUT IN THE STEAM TEPEE. WATER IS POURED ON THE HOT ROCKS TO PRODUCE STEAM.



AFTER A GOOD STEAMING, WHITE BEARD IS TOSSED INTO THE COLD WATER CREEK!



AS HE DRIES AND DRESSES, THE SOO HAVE POUNCHED UPON HIS STRANGE WEAPON, AND LOOK AT IT IN WONDER!



THE WHITE BEARD TEACHES THE SOO THE NAME OF HIS WEAPON!



AT THIS TIME, AFTER A LONG JOURNEY FROM THE EAST, NOTORIOUS BIG MIKE, WITH TWO OF HIS HENCHMEN, HAVE COME INTO THE UNCHARTERED LAND OF THE SOO, IN SEARCH FOR MORE TERRITORY RICH IN FURS!



MEN! WE MUST BE TH' FIRST WHITE MEN TO COME TO THIS COUNTRY! THIS FOREST IS FULL O' GAME! WONDER WHAT TRIBE O' RED DEVILS ROAM HERE 'BOUTS?

WE'LL MAKE PEACE WITH TH' VARMINTS, AN' GET THEIR FURS CHEAP!

YEAH, CHEAP BUT HONEST!
SURE! HONEST!
HAW, HAW!



BACK IN THE SOO VILLAGE...

SEE THAT ARROW IN THAT TREE YONDER? WATCH ME CLIP TH' FEATHERS NEAT AS A FIRIN' PIN!



THE UNSEEN RIFLE BALL CLIPS THE FEATHERS AND WHINES THROUGH THE FOLIAGE INTO THE WOODS...

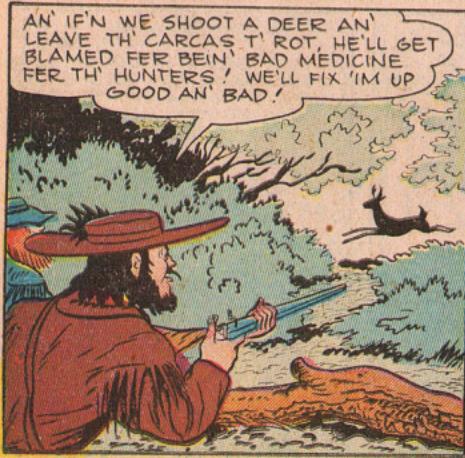


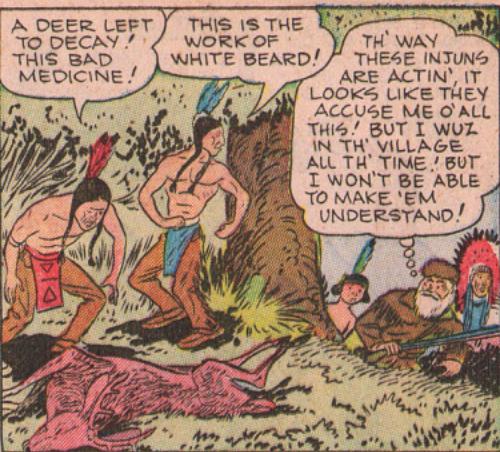
AFTER A LONG WAIT, THE THREE RENEGADES CREEP TO THE TOP OF THE RIDGE, AND PEER INTO THE VILLAGE!

THE SOO COME OUT FROM HIDING AFTER RUNNING FROM THE EXPLOSION OF WHITE BEARD'S RIFLE!



SO BIG MIKE AND HIS MEN RETREAT FURTHER INTO THE WOODS, PLANNING THEIR REVENGE, AND FINALLY COMING UPON A DEVILISH SCHEME...

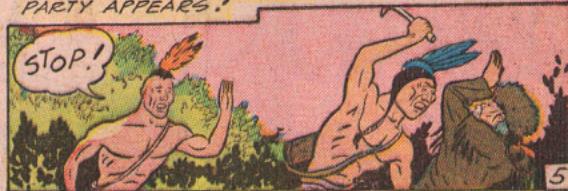




AS JOE HEWIT IS LOOKING FOR TRACKS OF THE KILLER, TWO SOO HUNTERS COME UPON HIM



ENRAGED AT WHAT THEY SEE TIED TO THE TREE, THEY TURN UPON THE WHITE BEARD FOR REVENGE.



WHITE BEARDED
ONE MUST GO TO
VILLAGE! COUNCIL
WILL DECIDE IF
YOU LIVE OR DIE!

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT YER
SAYIN', INJUN,
BUT I DIDN'T
DO IT!

AS THE WHITE BEARD IS TAKEN BY THE
SOO TO THE VILLAGE ...

HMM... STRANGE TRACKS
NOT MADE BY WHITE
BEARD.

THE DECISION OF THE HIGH COUNCIL IS:
WHITE BEARD MUST DIE AT THE STAKE!

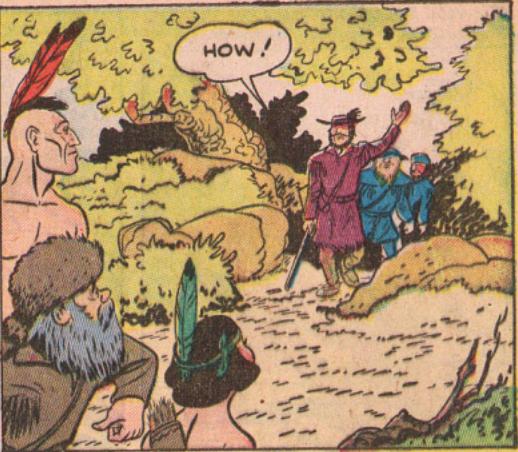
IT IS WRONG,
CHIEF BIG PANTHER,
TO TORTURE
WHITE BEARD!

THE SOO DO
TO PALEFACE
WHAT PALEFACE
DO TO SOO!
O, WISE
CHIEF, I...
TONKA, KNOW
WHITE BEARD
NOT SLAY SOO
BROTHER!
COME! WE GO
SEE!

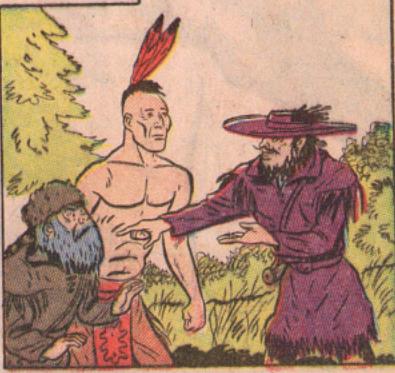
AFTER MUCH GRUMBLING AND
SPEAR-SHAKING, WHITE BEARD
IS RELEASED FROM THE TORTURE
POLE, AND ALL GO TO THE
SCENE OF THE ATTACK!

CONSARN IT! TH' RED DEVILS
DIDN'T BURN HIM! WONDER
WHAT THEY'RE LEAVIN' TH'
CAMP FER!





BIG MIKE, SURE OF ENTANGLING JOE HEWIT, SIGNS TO TONKA THAT HE SAW THE WHITE BEARD ATTACK THE SOO!



TONKA NOTICES THE PECULIAR FOOT PRINTS MADE BY BIG MIKE!

TONKA THINK MAYBE BIG PALEFACE HAVE SOMETHING TO SHOW!



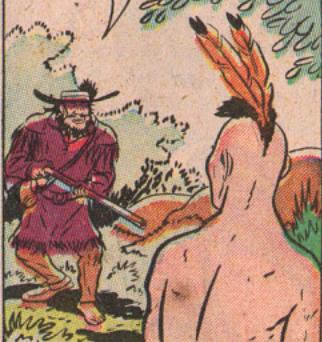
TONKA PULLS OFF ONE OF
BIG MIKE'S MOCCASINS...



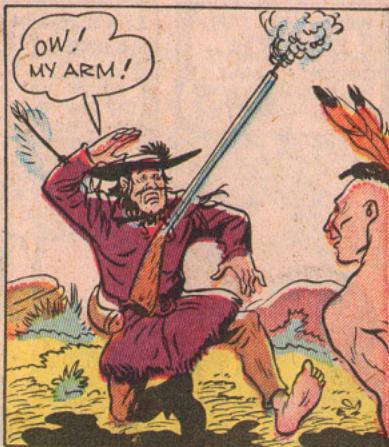
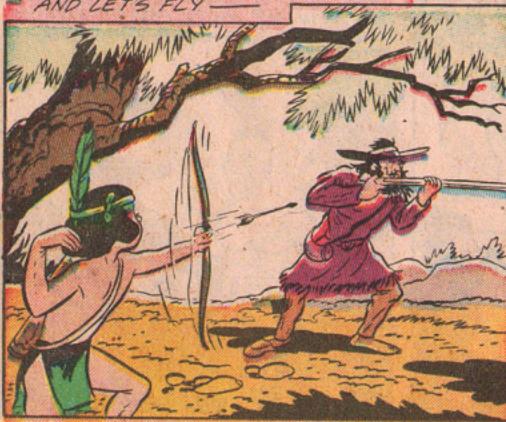
SEE! MARK ON
SOLE OF
MOCCASIN IS
SAME AS
TRACK IN MUD
MADE NEAR
SOO HUNTER!



YA BLASTED REDSKIN!
IF BIG MIKE HAS GOT TO
GO, YER GOIN' WIT'
ME!



LITTLE HAHA WHIPS OUT AN ARROW
AND LET'S FLY



BIG MIKE, AND HIS TWO CRONIES,
ARE TAKEN TO THE SOO VILLAGE,
WHERE THEY WILL PAY FOR
THEIR CRIMES.



LITTLE HAHA SAVE TONKA'S
LIFE! SOO WILL SHOW NO
MERCY TO PALEFACE
MAN!



THINK FAST

by Paul Norton

Bob Turner, the Centerville Bulldogs' center, missed one easy shot after another. It was an important basketball game, so the coach pulled him at the half. His team-mates had expected too much of him. He wasn't a hero, but they'd expected him to be one. All because his dad, Charles Turner, was a real hero.

Everywhere Bob turned that day before the game the fellows were talking about Charles Turner's exploits. "Didja read it, Spike? Golly, he kicked 'em right in the pants . . ." Stuff like that.

Yes, his dad was a swell guy, and there was no doubt that he was brave. The newspapers had all printed his picture along with rogue gallery photos of the three tough mugs who'd tried to hold up the Flyer to rob the mail car. The papers told how the crooks climbed into the cab and ordered Charles Turner, the engineer, to stop the train. And how Turner dived into the crooks and rough-housed them plenty.

Bob's dad had been a star boxer when he was in college and he hadn't forgotten how to use his dukes. One of the robbers escaped by jumping off the speeding train. But the police said they'd have him in jail within a week because the two captured robbers had spilled, all they knew. The missing crook was "Dirk" Graves, they said.

Bob almost wished his dad wasn't such a well-known hero. Too much was expected of his son. It made him nervous. Everyone expected him to make impossible shots, and he missed even the set-ups. Too much pressure.

The coach patted Bob on the shoulder reassuringly after the Bulldogs had won the game by a narrow margin—and without Bob Turner's help.

"You'll be okay," the coach said. "I know how it is. You're a little too tense. You got to learn to think before you act—but think fast. Kinda try to take it easy, won't you, fella?"

Bob felt a little better then, but he felt a fellow should deliver the goods when the "chips are down. Wasn't he any good under pressure? He was afraid not . . .

Bob glanced at his watch as he trotted toward Maple Street where he lived opposite the railroad yards. It was 11:10 p.m. He had to hurry. Dad would be pulling the Flyer through the yards in exactly fifteen minutes.

The street lay on the outskirts of town and was poorly lighted. He didn't see the lurking shadow beneath the maple tree in front of the house until it was too late.

"All right, Turner!" a menacing voice snarled. "I been waiting to stick this in your gizzard!"

A long, gleaming knife-blade winked wicked light.

"Hey! What's the idea—?" Bob gulped, instinctively pulling away from the knife.

The man grunted in surprise and caught Bob's arm. "Whore you?" he asked roughly.

"B-Bob Turner."

"Oh," sneered the crook, "Hero Charles Turner's son, huh? This's fine—better'n I expected." He paused, as though weighing a plan in his mind, he jerked a thumb at the house. "Get going, kid. Open up, and I'm right behind you, so no funny stuff."

Bob tried to protest. "You can't go in there! What do you want, mister?"

"It's your old man I'm after," the intruder said, hate making his voice quiver. "I'm makin' a good hero outa him—a dead hero."

Bob stared at the crook. He knew now who he was. Dirk Graves—the train robber who got away. He knew this fellow wasn't making idle threats. The police were looking everywhere for him.

He couldn't argue with that silent, deadly knife. He had to obey. Quietly, he turned his latchkey in the lock, shoved the door open and stepped aside to let Graves enter first.

"Yah—polite, ain'tcha?" sneered Graves. "Go on, get goin'."

Bob shrugged, and led the way through the parlor and turned on the light in the kitchen.

The crook nodded approvingly. "That'll look natural when your old man shows up. And you want to keep on acting natural, kid. Else . . ." He flicked a thumbnail across the tip of the knife's needle point in a significant gesture.

Bob didn't answer. He swallowed hard and sat down in a kitchen chair. He knew what he had to do. Before his dad stepped through that door he'd yell a warning and grab at that knife. He didn't like to think about what would happen to him. But he had to give his dad a chance.

Dirk Graves paced the floor like a nervous cat. He never got many steps away from Bob, who knew by the way Dirk handled the knife that he was expert with it.

Bob glanced at his wristwatch again . . . 11:24. The Flyer was due through the yards in less than a minute. What would his dad think when he didn't get their signal? He always blinked the kitchen lights—two longs and a short—to let dad know that he was up and would be down to the station after him in the car. When the lights didn't blink, what would he do . . . ? Would he telephone?

The windows began to rattle in their frames as the mail special came pounding into the yards. It whoooshed past the house, whistle wailing mournfully into the night. "Did he notice I didn't blink the lights?" Bob wondered.

Dirk Graves watched Bob narrowly. "What's on your mind, kid," he growled.

"Dad phones for me to come after him in the car," Bob blurted. "When I don't answer he'll know something's wrong and call the cops. You better beat it while you can."

Graves looked upset at this information. Then he instructed: "Listen, Kid, when that phone rings, you answer it. And no tricks. You tell him the car's broke down. It won't start, see? And don't say nothing else."

Bob nodded miserably that he understood.

They waited a few minutes more in silence, the clock on the wall pecking away at the seconds.

Suddenly, the telephone shrilled in the silence. Dirk sprang alert and motioned with the knife for Bob to answer. He breathed down Bob's neck, the point of the knife at the boy's back when he picked up the telephone.

"Hello? Hello, dad," he said, in such a steady voice that he surprised himself. "The car's broke

down. I can't get it out of the garage . . . 'Bye."

His hand was shaking when he hung up.

Graves nodded approval. "You played it smart, kid. I see you value your hide."

Then he moved swiftly, shot out a fist and caught Bob under the chin. He felt himself falling . . . falling into blackness.

A thousand stars and moons and flashing lights flickered through his head as he swam back to consciousness. He struggled to rise, but couldn't move his hands or feet. Then he knew he was tied to a chair. And there was a gag in his mouth. That crook had guessed he'd planned to yell a warning before his dad walked into the trap. Bob struggled wildly against his bonds. It was wasted effort. The cord didn't give a fraction of an inch.

Straining his ears he heard a car coming up the street, slow down, then stop in front of the house. That would be dad coming home in a taxi. Dirk Graves crouched behind the door, the knife poised in his right hand.

The back door burst open. Dirk whirled, snarling, drew back his arm to hurl the knife. A shot crashed. Dirk howled in pain. He grabbed his wrist and cursed savagely.

Three uniformed policemen charged into the room and grabbed the would-be killer. "The Chief will be tickled pink to meet you," one of the cops said with satisfaction.

Charles Turner came running in, saw Bob tied to the chair, pulled the gag from his mouth. "You hurt, son?" he asked anxiously.

Bob worked his strained jaws "Naw," he said in relief. "He smacked me on the jaw, but I'm okay."

"How'd you know this rat was waiting for you, Mr. Turner?" the cop in charge asked.

Charles Turner smiled proudly at his son. "Bob, here, didn't signal with the lights like he usually does. That worried me. When I called to find out what was wrong, he tipped me off over the phone. He did some pretty fast, smart thinking when he was in a tough spot. When he said he couldn't get the car out of the garage, I knew someone was listening to what he said."

"You see, we haven't got a garage. But this crook didn't know that!"

BART STEWART

AND THE SMUGGLERS

WHILE BART STEWART WAS IN THE WEST INDIES, INDIAN RAIDS INCREASED AGAINST THE SETTLERS ON THE WESTERN FRONTIER. THE SUCCESS OF THESE INDIAN RAIDERS WAS GREATLY INCREASED BY THEIR USING MUSKETS 'OF ENGLISH MAKE, WHICH THEY MUST HAVE SECURED BY ILLEGAL MEANS.

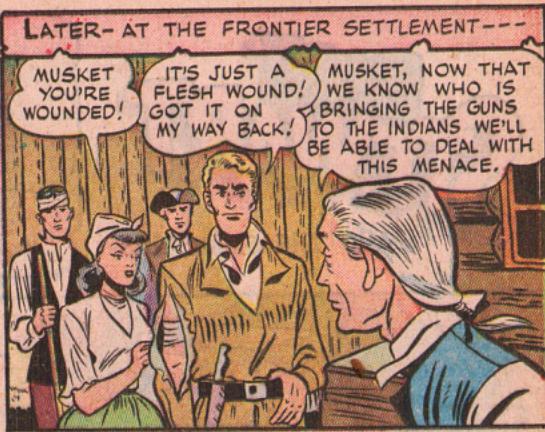


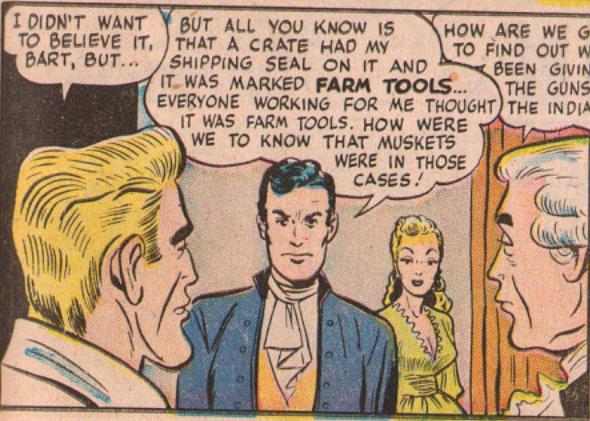
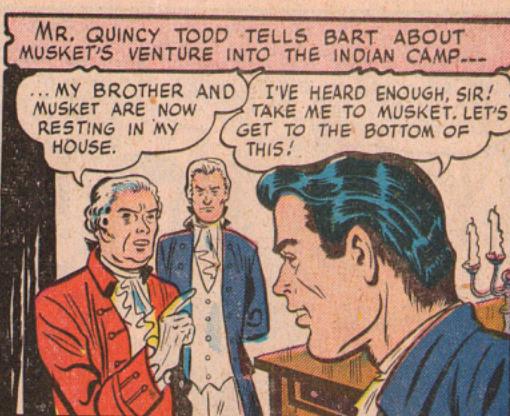
AFTER ONE OF THE RAIDS
A COURAGEOUS YOUNG MAN
DECIDES TO FOLLOW THE REDMEN---



MUSKET STEALS AS CLOSE
AS POSSIBLE TO THE INDIAN
CAMP ---







IN THAT CASE, MR. STEWART,
I BELIEVE I OWE YOU AN APOLOGY.
YOU SEE I HAVE MANY FRIENDS
AND RELATIVES IN THE FRONTIER
SETTLEMENTS AND I'M DEEPLY
CONCERNED ABOUT THEIR
SAFETY!

I UNDERSTAND, MR. TODD.
BUT NOW I'VE GOT
TO BE ON MY WAY.
I INTEND TO GET TO
THE BOTTOM
OF THIS!

I'M
GOING
WITH YOU!

IN THE OFFICE OF
THE SHIPPING COMPANY...

I'VE CHECKED THE BOOKS
TO SEE WHO RECEIVED FARM
TOOLS... BUT THE LIST IS
SO LONG IT WOULD TAKE
WEEKS TO TRAVEL THE
COUNTRYSIDE
CHECKING
THE FARMS... WE HAVE
NOT STARTED
TO UNLOAD
THE "WHITECREST"
CARGO... WE MAY
FIND SOMETHING
IF WE CHECK
THE FARM
TOOLS!

IN THE HOLD OF THE
"WHITECREST"...

WELL, WE DON'T
SEEM TO HAVE ANY
LUCK SO FAR...
STOCKWELL
WHAT IS
IT?

BART! I'VE
GOT NEWS...
TWO CRATES
OF FARM
TOOLS WERE
UNLOADED
THIS EVENING!

YOU'RE IN CHARGE
OF THE UNLOADING,
MR. MORTON,
UNLOADING THE
CARGO WAS
TO BEGIN
TOMORROW!

I KNOW
MR. STEWART,
BUT THIS
FARMER, MR.
SHELDON,
WAS SO
A DESPERATE
FOR HIS TOOLS
I FELT SORRY
AND...

I SEE! ALL RIGHT,
MORTON, NO HARM DONE.
NOW - I'VE GOT
TO WORK
FAST...

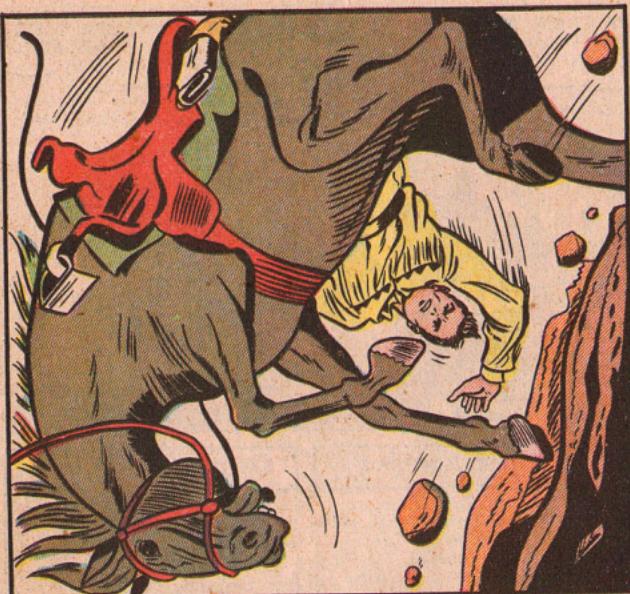
I'M GOING TO RIDE
TO THE SHELDON
FARM AND DO SOME
CHECKING, MUSKET.
YOU COME ALONG.
FILIPPE, YOU COME AFTER
US IF WE DON'T RETURN
IN TWENTY FOUR
HOURS...

WITH YOU, BART!
VERY WELL, I
WEEL WAIT!

WE SHOULD
ARRIVE AT THE
SHELDON FARM
ABOUT DAWN.

BART AND MUSKET RIDE
OFF INTO THE NIGHT ---





LATER---

WE'LL HAVE TO
GET CLOSE ENOUGH
TO THE CABIN TO
KNOW WHAT THEY'RE
UP TO!

I'M GAME,
BART!

THE MINGOES SHOULD
ARRIVE BEFORE NIGHT FALL... AFTER
I'VE A DOZEN MUSKETS
LOADED AND READY TO
DEMONSTRATE.

GOOD,
AFTER
THIS TRADE
WE'LL HAVE MANY
FURS. I WISH THOSE
REDMEN WOULD
COME...

WE'VE GOT TO
FIND AND
DESTROY THOSE
MUSKETS!

THE MUSKETS ARE IN
THIS SHED. I CAN SEE
TWO OPEN CASES.
WAIT HERE. I'M GOING
IN... I CAN OPEN
THIS SHUTTER -
EASILY...

I'LL BREAK THE FLINT
LOCKS OF THESE MUSKETS.
THEY WILL NEVER BE ABLE
TO REPAIR THEM.



LET'S GO, MUSKET
WE CAN WATCH FROM
A DISTANCE ---

WE DON'T
WANT TO
MISS THE
FIREFWORKS!!

THE INDIANS HAVE ARRIVED, BART, AND THEY'VE BROUGHT PLENTY OF FURS WITH THEM!

THE DEMONSTRATION SHOULD START SOON!

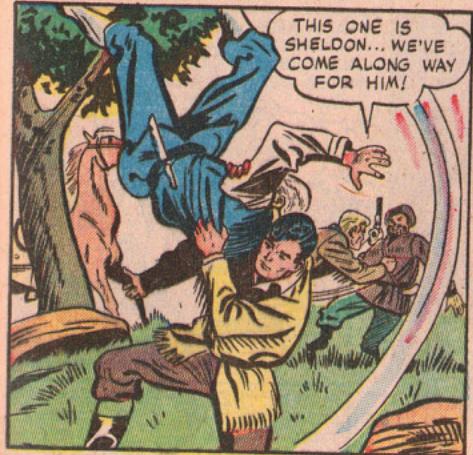
GIVE THEM THE LOADED MUSKETS--THEY WANT TO TRY THEM BEFORE TRADING!

RIGHTO, BOSS!



I SAY, SHELDON, I THOUGHT WE SHOT THOSE TWO!





VIC CUTTER

Laura Ames, Vic Cutter's secretary, goes with Susan Grant to spend a weekend in Susan's comfortable but secluded cottage on the Long Island shore. Susan has inherited it and a substantial sum of money from an uncle whom she scarcely knew, (providing she lives in the cottage for a year.)

When they arrive, they find the cottage ransacked ---



A SHORT WHILE LATER VIC ARRIVES AT SUSAN'S COTTAGE ON LONG ISLAND ---

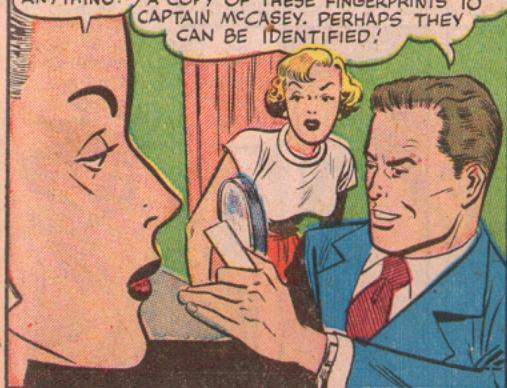


AS VIC LOOKS THINGS OVER SUSAN EXPLAINS HOW SHE INHERITED THE HOUSE ---

DO YOU THINK YOU CAN FIND ANYTHING!

I THINK OUR CARELESS HOUSE-BREAKER LEFT A FEW CLEAR PRINTS ON THIS SHELF. I'LL TAKE A COPY OF THESE FINGERPRINTS TO CAPTAIN MCCASEY. PERHAPS THEY CAN BE IDENTIFIED!

FINDING A CLUE WON'T BE EASY. SMART CROOKS WEAR GLOVES, BUT IT WOULD BE CLUMSY TO GO THROUGH THESE BOOKS WITH GLOVES ON. MAYBE WE'LL FIND A FINGERPRINT!



HE LEFT ME A LETTER. IT'S NOT IMPORTANT BUT I KEPT IT FOR SENTIMENTAL REASONS. IT'S AT THE OFFICE!

I'D LIKE TO SEE IT. IT MAY BE IMPORTANT. TOO LATE TO GO INTO TOWN TONIGHT!



SPEND THE NIGHT HERE, THERE'S PLENTY OF ROOM. I'LL GET THE LETTER FIRST THING IN THE MORNING!

THAT'S AN IDEA, VIC, SUSAN AND I WILL DRIVE INTO TOWN WITH YOU AND WHILE YOU'RE CHECKING THE FINGERPRINTS WE'LL GO TO SUSAN'S OFFICE AND GET HER UNCLE'S LETTER!



THE NEXT MORNING IN
THE CITY...

MEET ME AT
MY OFFICE, GIRLS,
AFTER YOU GET
THAT LETTER!



HELLO, MCCASEY, I HAVE
FINGERPRINTS OF SOME-
ONE I WOULD LIKE TO
HAVE YOU LOOK UP
FOR ME. HE MIGHT
HAVE A
RECORD!

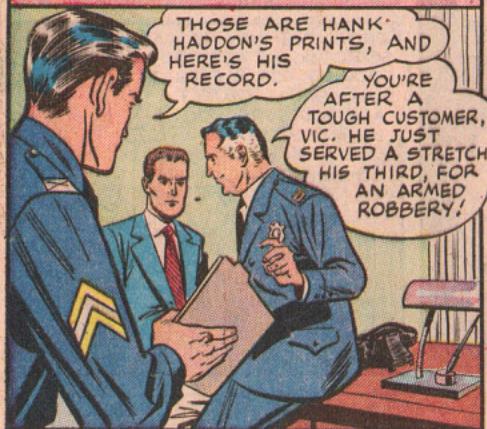


SURE, THE
BOYS CAN DO
IT IN JIG
TIME. SIT
DOWN AND
TELL ME
WHAT IT'S
ALL ABOUT!

VIC TELLS OF THE BURGLARY AT SUSAN'S PLACE...

THESE ARE HANK
HADDON'S PRINTS, AND
HERE'S HIS
RECORD.

YOU'RE
AFTER A
TOUGH CUSTOMER,
VIC. HE JUST
SERVED A STRETCH,
HIS THIRD, FOR
AN ARMED
ROBBERY!



LATER AT VIC'S OFFICE...

YES,
HERE IT IS.
SEE WHAT YOU
CAN MAKE OUT
OF IT!

DID
YOU
GET
THE
LETTER?



IT SEEMS SIMPLE AND
STRAIGHT FORWARD. IF IT'S A
CLUE, THE ANSWER'S DOWN
AT YOUR COTTAGE. I'M
GOING BACK WITH
YOU GIRLS!

DO YOU THINK
THERE WILL BE
ANOTHER BURGLARY,
VIC?

THERE WILL BE
I'M SURE, IF
HANK DIDN'T
GET WHAT HE
CAME FOR!





MISS GRANT, YOUR UNCLE
SEEMS TO HAVE HAD
SOMETHING THESE CROOKS
WANT BADLY. CAN YOU
TELL US WHAT IT IS OR.
WHAT YOUR UNCLE'S
BUSINESS WAS?"

I HAVEN'T
SEEN MY
UNCLE SINCE
I WAS A CHILD.
HIS LAWYER TOLD
ME HE WAS A
SPORTS PROMOTER.

REMOVE THE
BODY, BOYS. WE'RE
READY TO LEAVE.
THANKS FOR YOUR
COOPERATION,
MISS GRANT!

OH, SAY LIEUTENANT
CURRY. I KNOW
YOU'RE GOING TO
VISIT THE 'UNCLE'S
LAWYER... WILL
YOU GIVE ME A
CALL AND LET ME
KNOW HOW HE
FITS INTO
THIS?



SURELY, VIC!
DO YOU WANT
ME TO LEAVE
A MAN TO
KEEP AN EYE
ON THIS PLACE?

THAT WON'T
BE NECESSARY!
I'M STAYING HERE
TONIGHT AND I'LL
ALSO DRIVE THE
GIRLS BACK TO
TOWN!



AFTER THE POLICE LEAVE VIC READS
THE UNCLE'S LETTER AGAIN ---

MY DEAR SUSAN,
I HAVE NO ONE TO LEAVE
MY BELONGINGS TO BUT YOU.
I ASK YOU TO LIVE IN THIS
HOUSE FOR ONE YEAR. BY THEN
I AM SURE YOU WILL HAVE FOUND
SECURITY AND COMFORT AND
THAT EVERYTHING WILL BE
AS YOU LIKE IT.

YOUR UNCLE,
OLIVER

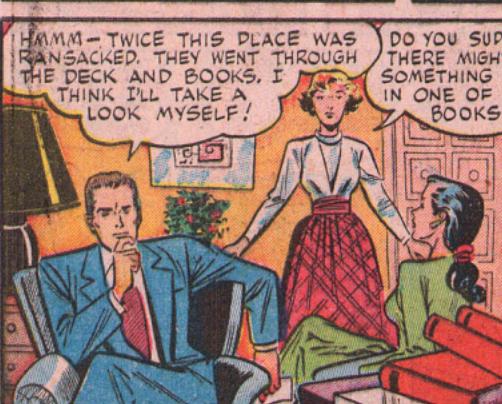
IT DOESN'T
THROW ANY
LIGHT ON
THE
SUBJECT
FOR
ME!



HMM - TWICE THIS PLACE WAS
RANSACKED. THEY WENT THROUGH
THE DECK AND BOOKS. I
THINK I'LL TAKE A
LOOK MYSELF!

DO YOU SUPPOSE
THERE MIGHT BE
SOMETHING HIDDEN
IN ONE OF THE
BOOKS?

IF IT IS HIDDEN IN A BOOK,
IT'S HIDDEN PRETTY WELL
BECAUSE HANK AND JOE COULDN'T
FIND ANYTHING. LET'S GIVE IT A
TRY... THREE HEADS ARE
BETTER THAN TWO!



LATER - - -

WHEW, WHAT
A JOB!

WELL, GIRLS,
WE'VE GONE THROUGH
THE DESK AND ALL
THE BOOKS WITH-
OUT ANY LUCK...



NO CHANCE OF ANYTHING BEING HIDDEN IN THIS THIN BINDING. PERHAPS THERE'S A CLUE IN THE TEXT. LET'S LOOK AT IT OVER A STRONG LIGHT.

AS YOU LIKE IT [Act 2; Sc 1]

SCENE I.—The Forest of Arden.
Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, and two or three Lords.
Joiners
Brooks and brothers in ex-
—sue sweet

ACT II.
SCENE I.—The Forest of Arden.
SIR FALSTAFF, and two or three Lords.
JOYCE.

"Now, my comrades and brothers in ex-
ile old custom made this tile more sweet
of panion pass? Are not there wood-
men by the penalty of the envious court?
Adam's difference, as thy tang-
erish chiding of the winter's wood,
when it bites and licks upon my body,
and makes me shun, with cold, I smile and say
to these counsellors,

THEY
ARE ALL
THROUGH
LETTERS!

NO WRITING SEEMS TO SHOW UP-BUT, SAY, LOOK AT THIS... TINY PIN POINT HOLES IN THE PAGES---

NOTHING BUT MODERN
NOVELS AND DETECTIVE
STORIES, EXCEPT THIS
VOLUME OF SHAKESPEARE
THAT STICKS OUT
LIKE A SORE
THUMB!



REMEMBER "AS YOU LIKE IT"
IN THE NOTE, VIC? ONE OF
SHAKESPEARE'S
PLAYS HAS
THAT TITLE! THAT STRUCK M

THAT
STRUCK ME
TOO, LAURA!
I'LL GO
THROUGH
IT!

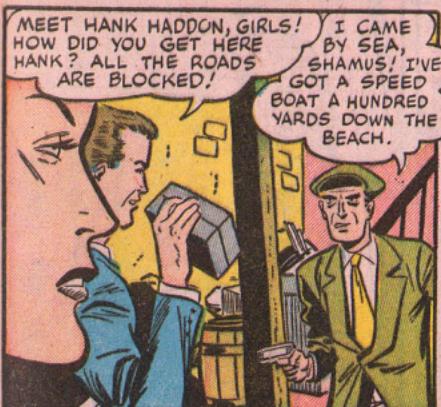
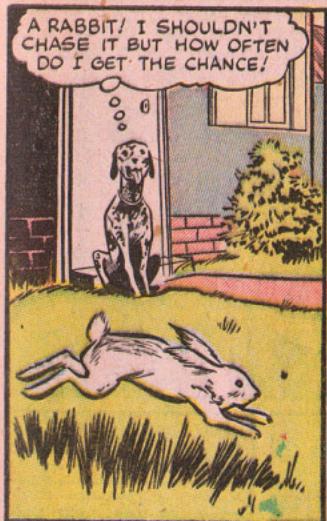


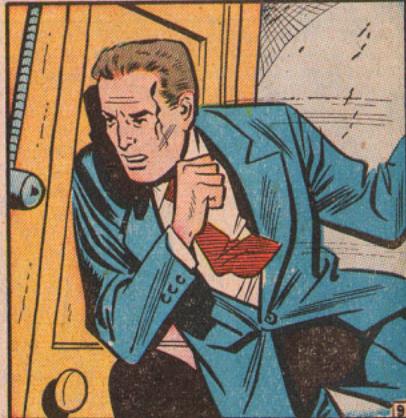
THIS IS
GETTING
AWFULLY
EXCITING.

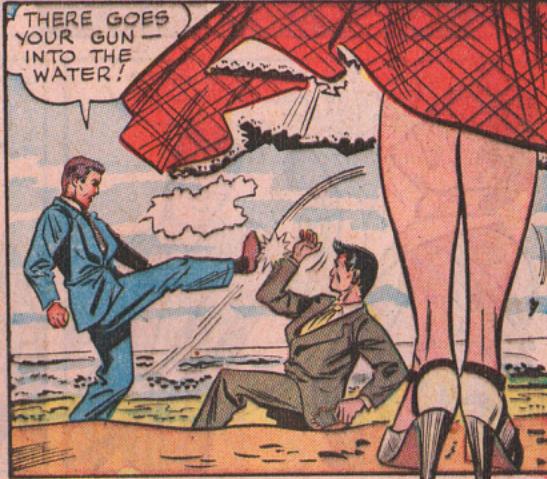
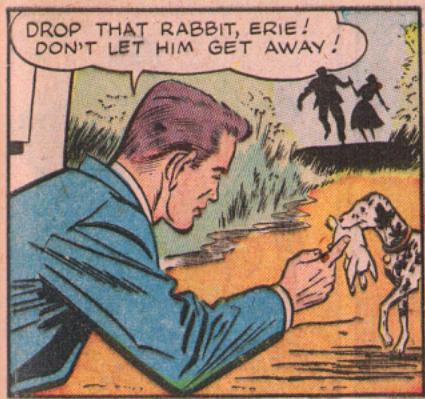
THE PERFORATIONS START ON THE FIRST PAGE OF "AS YOU LIKE IT" TAKE THEM DOWN AS I READ, LAURA! G-I-D-H-T-R-O-N-M-O-R-F-T-E-E-F-T-H-G-I-E-L-L-A-W-T-S-E-W-M-O-R-F-T-E-E-F-N-E-T-R-A...





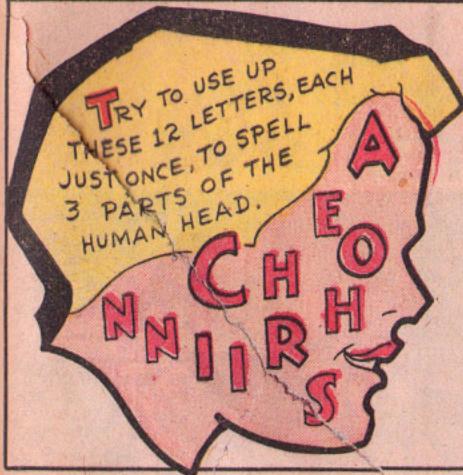








CROWN PUZZLE PAGE



CHANGE ONE LETTER IN EACH GIVEN WORD SHOWN BELOW TO SPELL SEVEN FISH.



WHAT THREE OCCUPATIONS DO THESE PICTURES REPRESENT?



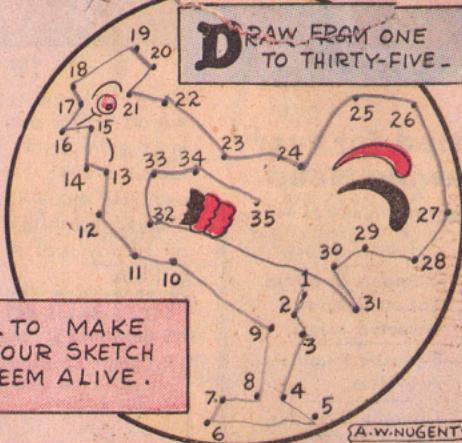
SEVEN LETTERS ARE IN MY NAME

MY 1, 3 AND 2 SPELLS A SNAKELIKE FISH.
MY 6, 4 AND 7 SPELLS AN IMPLEMENT FOR PROPELLING A BOAT.
MY 5, 1, 4 AND 7 MEANS CLOSE.



What's my name?

DRAG FROM ONE TO THIRTY-FIVE.



- TO MAKE YOUR SKETCH SEEM ALIVE.

SOLUTIONS:

HUMAN HEAD PUZZLE: HAIR, NOSE AND CHIN.
FISH PUZZLE: RAY, ROACH, CRAB, PLATELING, COD AND CARP
REBUSES OCCUPATIONS: AVIATOR, MASON AND SALESMAN.
WHAT'S MY NAME? ELEANDER
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7

A.W.NUGENT

For Yourself — For A Gift

NEW 14 Piece Sew-Easy DOUBLE-DECKER WORKBOX KIT

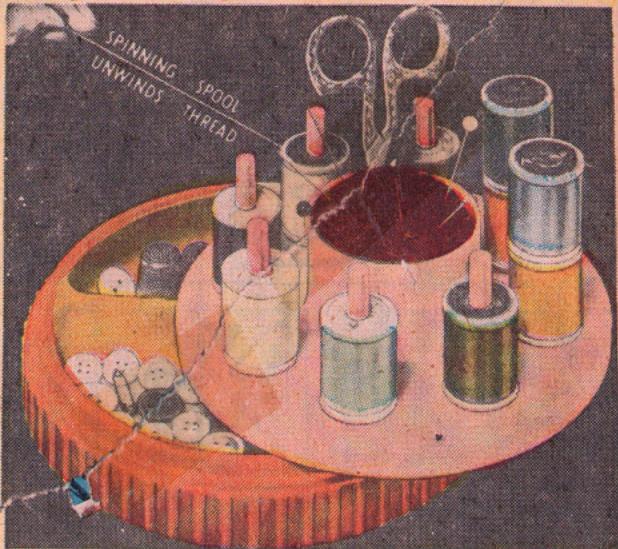


\$198 ^{only}

Fitted For Every Sewing Need

Includes

- 1 Pr. Scissors,
- 8 Spools of 50 yd
cotton thread in
assorted colors,
- 3 plastic thimbles,
in 3 sizes,
- 1 needle threader,
- 25 needles,
- 1 pincushion.



TOP SWINGS ROUND TO CLOSE BOX

Opens up to put every sewing accessory at your fingertips! From thread, scissor and pincushion on "Top Deck" to thimbles, etc., in "Bottom Deck," which has three sections for tidy storing. QUICK finding. No need to remove spool for thread, it spins on own rod! You'll love DOUBLE-DECKER WORKBOX KIT — your friends, too. Bright red and white plastic. Sturdy! Just see it on 10 day trial. A complete handy outfit. Packed in attractive gift box.

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SCOPE SALES CO., Dept. 34
5 Beekman St., New York 7, N. Y.

Rush new, completely outfitted, DOUBLE-DECKER WORKBOX KIT, in attractive gift box, for Only \$1.98.

State Quantity _____ Send C O D I pay postage I enclose full amount
You pay postage

Name _____

Address _____

City, Zone, State _____

Money Back Guarantee. If not delighted return in 10 days for purchase price refund.

SENT ON APPROVAL

Now YOU CAN HAVE
DARING *New Look* BEAUTY
WITH ALL-IN-ONE
TRIOLETTE

It's All These

- { 1-uplift bra
- 2-waist nipper
- 3-garter belt

Put your figure in style! Look feminine, curvaceous—*instantly*—with new marvelous TRIOLETTE. It's taken New York by storm... it's all the rage with smart girls... because it rounds you enticingly in the right places with never a bulge in the wrong ones! Lightly but cleverly boned—to pull in your waist, give fullness to hips, lift bust to alluring firm contours. No matter what shape bosom you have! Magical, you'll agree... and this one little garment does it all! In luxury rayon satin—with revealing lace inserts at bust, dainty net edging at top and bottom. Comfortable! Lastex insert, adjustable hook-and-eye back fastening, 4 adjustable garters. Bra straps included, adjustable, easy to attach. New TRIOLETTE costs little more than bra alone! We know you'll be thrilled—your money back if not 100% pleased with your glamorous "New Look"

BE SMARTLY STRAPLESS OR WEAR STRAPS ALSO INCLUDED



Costs so little

MAIL COUPON NOW!



For That Thrilling NEW LOOK



Tiny Waist
—Full Bosom
FIGURE

figure. A cup, 32 to 36.
B cup, (larger) 32 to 38.
Blue, white or nude.

\$5.95

- BLUE
- WHITE
- NUDE

SEND ON 10-DAY APPROVAL

WILCO CO., Dept. 668-N
45 East 17th St., New York

Rush your new TRIOLETTE for \$5.95. CUP _____ SIZE _____
 Send C.O.D. I will pay postage. I enclose \$5.95. You pay postage

1st Color Choice

2nd Color Choice

Name _____

Address _____

City, Zone, State _____

I understand if not delighted with TRIOLETTE I can return in 10 days for full purchase price refund.

Greatest Value Ever Offered To Our Readers!



**Beautiful Smooth Grain
ZIPPER BILLFOLD**

**Smartly Styled Precision
BALL POINT PEN**

**Handiest Pencil Type
POCKET FLASHLIGHT**

**Monogram Initiated
PLASTIC KEY HOLDER**

It "Zips" All the Way Around

All for only
\$1.98



De Luxe Quality

Pencil-Type
METAL POCKET FLASHLIGHT
complete with
2 BURGESS BATTERIES

This is
ACTUAL SIZE

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Newest Features
Precision-tip

→
**Monogram Initiated
KEY HOLDER
Pliable Plastic**

Flashlight has red
plastic reflector for
use as a warning signal

We GUARANTEE that you can't duplicate this sensational value for less money anywhere in America today!

Here without a doubt is the greatest merchandise bargain you'll be likely to see for years to come. Only our tremendous purchasing power and huge volume "direct-to-you" method of distribution makes such a value possible. Shop around and see for yourself. Where else today can you get: (1) A beautiful Zipper Billfold with Built-in Pass Case and Change Purse, (2) A new type precision made Ball Point Pen, (3) A handy Plastic Key Holder monogrammed with your choice initial, (4) A Pencil-Type Pocket Flashlight complete with batteries 4 big Values in ALL for ONE LOW PRICE of \$1.98. You might ordinarily expect to pay that price for a billfold or a flashlight, either or both, if bought separately at today's prices.

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SEND NO MONEY! Rush This Order Coupon!

**ILLINOIS MERCHANTISE MART, Dept. 5721
1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Ill.**

Gentlemen: Rush me the 4 Big Values as shown C.O.D. for only \$1.98 plus 15c tax and shipping charges. I enclose my money order. I must be delighted in every way with all 4 articles (Billfold, Flashlight, Pen and Key Holder) after which I shall return my purchase within 10 days for full refund.

Give the one INITIAL wanted on Key Holder

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE..... STATE

To have shipping charges I enclose \$1.98 plus 15c tax in advance (total \$2.13). Ship my order, as indicated, all postage charges prepaid.